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LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.
The following articles, under this title, have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—
1.—John Byrom.
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3.—Jeremiah Horrocks (a chapter in the Romance of Science.)
4.—Humphrey Chetham.
5.—Samuel Crompton (Inventor of the Spinning Mule
6.—Barton Booth, the Actor.
7.—John Collier (Tim Bobbin).
8.—John Dalton.
9.—Henry Cort (Creator of the British Iron Trade).
10.—James Hargreaves (Inventor of the Spinning Jenny).
11.—Hugh Oldham (Founder of the Manchester Grammar School.
12.—John Bradford, Saint and Martyr.

LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.
A series of biographical and critical sketches of eminent authors, under the above title, is now in course of publication in the *Sphinx*. The following have appeared:—
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2.—Anthony Trollope.
3.—Algernon Swinburne.
4.—Mark Lemon, of *Punch*.
5.—Lord Lytton.
6.—Charles Lever.
7.—George Grote
8.—George Augustus Sala.
9.—Hepworth Dixon.
10.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.
11.—John Ruskin.
12.—Henry W. Longfellow.
13.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.
14.—Charles Dickens.
15.—Benjamin Disraeli.
16.—T. W. Robertson.
17.—Thomas Carlyle.
18.—Charles Reade.
19.—Charles Kingsley.
20.—Victor Hugo.

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PRUSSIA AND THE UNITY OF GERMANY.

THE hazy notions which appear to prevail respecting the precise relations of Prussia towards the other German States, and the importance of a true understanding of the question in connection with the pending war, have suggested to us the propriety of reprinting a very able and lucid survey of the position of North Germany, from a speech delivered by Mr. Grant Duff, M.P., now Under-Secretary of State for India, to his constituents at Peterhead, at the close of 1867. Mr. Duff, in his *Studies of European Politics*, published in 1866, and before the war with Austria, severely condemned the policy pursued by Count Bismark, both in Prussia itself and towards Denmark; described him as a sort of composite being—half French Imperialist, half disciple of M. Gerlach, the leader of the Kreuz-Zeitung or feudalist party in Prussia; and expressed an opinion that his action upon the affairs of Europe had hitherto (*i.e*, down to 1866) been simply evil. Prussia itself, however, he regarded as having been steadily advancing for five-and-twenty years, and sure ere long to enter upon a constitutional career. "The present situation," he added, "is only temporary, and a liberal party, composed of the best of the landowners and the best of the bourgeoisie, will have it all its own way in the end." The war with Austria followed, and some months after its termination Mr. Duff took the following view of the position of affairs :—

North Germany has been occupied, ever since the close of the struggle with Austria, in framing the constitution under which she is, at least for a time, to live, and in establishing convenient relations with the Southern States which still remain without her pale. She is now no longer part of a loose and singularly clumsy *federation of States*; but a *federative State*, analogous in many respects to the United States of America. She is governed by two Assemblies; one consisting of forty-three members, of which seventeen are nominated by Prussia, twenty-six by the other States, and the other elected by universal suffrage, working in electoral districts. This constitution is, however, more democratic in name than in reality, for great nominal power, and still more real power, is placed in the hands of the King of Prussia, and exercised through the Chancellor of the Federation, Count Bismark, who is certainly not inclined to let his master's power rust for want of use. As might be expected, parties, in this newly created body, are in a somewhat chaotic state. In a list which has been put into my hands I count eight different fractions, besides forty-nine members unclassed. As there are only 297 in all, you will see that this implies no small confusion. Prussia, meanwhile, has, of course, still her own Parliament, which is elected in a totally different and much more complicated way; an anomaly which will not, I presume, be very long maintained.

The chief interest of German politics during the last few months has consisted in watching the varying strength of the attraction exercised over Bavaria and the other still independent States by the united States of the North. After various vicissitudes, the negotiations of the summer and autumn have ended in the conclusion of ties, as well military as commercial, so close, that for many purposes, and above all for defence against the stranger, we may henceforth think of North and South Germany as one country.

Some persons shake their heads and say, "Well, what has the world gained after all? There is just one more great military despotism." That is not so. North Germany, although politically less free than we could wish to see her, is far on the road to a completely constitutional state of things. The liberal influences which pervade society there have become far too strong to be much longer held in check. Even Bismark, than whom no living politician of any importance has so blasphemed and outraged the name of liberty, has found this out at last; and has only managed to keep up repression in one direction by opening the safety-valve in another. *Through Freedom to Unity* was the cry of all the best minds in Germany; and the way by which they wished to walk was the nobler one. Destiny, however, seems, so far as we can judge at present, to be playing into the hands of those who cried *Through Unity to Freedom*. The difference is a vital one for our generation, but it cannot be called a vital one for the generation that will succeed it. Amongst many wider and deeper influences which are working out the future liberty and greatness of Germany, it would be absurd to omit the happy accident, which seems to promise, ere long, to the Prussian people a monarch well worthy of their highest esteem. I have observed, in my intercourse with Germans during the last few years, that the reputation of the Crown Prince has been growing steadily. A good many years have passed since, in one of the darkest moments of the recent history of Prussia, a very dear and valued friend of mine, now no more, thought it his duty to write to the present King, who was then only heir-presumptive, a very strong letter upon the state of affairs. The present Crown Prince, then a very young man, so far from being offended by the old soldier's plain speaking, took an early opportunity of saying to him, "Not only my father, but all our family are much beholden to you for what you have done." Similar stories reach one from all sides: nor will those who know how malign an effect more than one Royal Lady has exerted, during the last fifty years, in Germany, consider it an immaterial circumstance, that the Crown Princess has succeeded in obtaining for herself a quite extraordinary and exceptional popularity in the land of her adoption, and that, not among the mob of courtiers who worship Aurelius to-day and Commodus to-morrow, but amongst those who look upon Kings and Princes simply as institutions to be judged of by their effects; cherished when they are useful and beneficent, treated like the rulers of Hanover and Hesse when they are useless or evil. There are probably no two lives in Europe on which so much, at this moment, depends. It is only to be feared that people will expect impossibilities, and be annoyed when they see that the accession to the throne of a wise King and Queen does not produce a golden age. Nothing of the kind has to be looked for. Their accession will be one good influence more, amongst, as I have said, other wider and deeper influences.

It is a curious subject of speculation, what would have been the result of an armed conflict last spring, between France and Prussia. It is said that Count Moltke, one of the greatest living military authorities, believing war sooner or later to be inevitable, was anxious that it should break out on the occasion of the Luxemburg affair, knowing as he did that Prussia was, but that France was not, prepared. I know that this view with respect to France was also held by Frenchmen of great importance. Now France is much better prepared, but I trust that the wise sentiments with regard to Germany, which are to be found in a recent at least semi-official pamphlet, and which were repeated in the Emperor's speech the other day, are beginning to gain ground amongst his subjects. There is no fear of Germany being the aggressor.

I do not mean to say that Germany will not have *velleities* of conquest—far from it. I have already pointed out one direction in which she will very probably extend herself; and the thrifty, laborious, and educated Teuton will steadily win his way amongst the Sclave populations on his eastern frontier, and even in Hungary. Nothing, however, is more unlikely than the rise of a power with really military instincts in Germany. The very men who conquered at Königgrätz hated the hard necessity which tore them from their homes, and "heaped curses on the *one man's war*." Prussia owes the position which she gained last year much more to the cultivation of the arts of peace than to mere military drill. For years Austria had been one vast camp, but yet her power shivered like glass before the assault of a citizen soldiery. There are many analogies between the relative position of these two great powers, and of the parties who were lately contending in the North American Union. Patient and steady labour, in every department of life, characterised the Northern victors on both sides of the Atlantic. Everyone begins to have a glimmering of what Prussia has done for the education

of her people; but it is the same all through. Look, for instance, at M. de Laveleye's recent article on the progress of agriculture in Prussia. The spirit that seeks to turn even the sands and marshes of the Mark of Brandenburg into a garden, the spirit that established, amidst the depth of humiliation and disaster, the grand University of Berlin, and that has, within the last few months, found time to create, both in the capital and in Bonn, scientific establishments which are the admiration of the world, has but imperfect sympathy with the vulgar glories of the battle field. For a country situated like Prussia, a large army has been, and will for some time still be, a matter of necessity; but she has at least hit upon a plan of military service which makes every war but a defensive one profoundly unpopular, and, if I did not still hope to live to see a great reduction of armaments in Europe, I should be inclined to agree with those who advocate the adoption of a modified form of the Prussian military system in all countries.

No feature in the constitution of the United States of Germany has drawn forth better merited praise than the large space given in it to the regulation of material interests. The old Zollverein, or Customs union, was the beginning of the realisation of the political union which we now see; and the threat of exclusion from the new commercial union was the chief weapon by which the treaties, which put the military power of the southern States at the disposal of the King of Prussia, were forced on the obstinate nobles of Bavaria.

It cannot be too continually borne in mind that all that has lately happened in Germany has been the result of causes long in operation, and which have been steadily tending towards the union of a large part at least, of that country under the supremacy of Prussia. Count Bismark has attracted all eyes, and those who have not watched what has been going on since the meeting at Heidelberg in 1848, to prepare the way for the Frankfort Parliament, attribute far too much influence to him and his policy. Count Bismark, and all those whose names have come recently so prominently before us, are but the foam on the crest of the wave, which catches the eye and diverts the attention from the mass of the wave itself.

NOTES AND NEWS.

[From the Pump Court Journal.]

Mr. MIALL, M.P., went fishing last week in the educational preserves of the Prime Minister and his colleague for Bradford, Mr. W. E. Forster. He caught a tartar.

Sir Joseph Heron actually walked to town the other morning from his residence in Higher Broughton. Before reaching the Town Hall he transacted business at Mr. Councillor Muirhead's shop in Victoria Street.

In consequence of the extreme heat of the weather, Mr. C. J. S. Walker, J.P., has been seen in Smithy-Door Market with his blue coat with brass buttons unbuttoned.

Apropos of Mr. Alderman Bake's early career, the *piece de resistance*, at the banquet given to him last week was a "saddle" of mutton.

The telegraphic party, given by Mr. John Pender at his house in Arlington Street, London, is said to have cost £3000. This is nearly as expensive as a Parliamentary election.

Mr. J. W. Maclure, J.P., and the Rambling Reporter of the *City News*, met a few days since on the top of one of the omnibuses of the Manchester Carriage Company. They exchanged glances.

Should the Marquis of Ailesbury resign his office as Master of the Horse, it is expected that the post will be conferred either upon Mr. Wallace, the Scotch-American horse tamer, who has lately been exhibiting his powers at Mr Mc.Caldon's stables, Strangeways; or upon Mr. W. Murray, of the Mews, Lower Broughton.

Mr. Councillor Dyson, of Salford, has devised a scheme for utilising the waters of the river Irwell. It has been experimentally ascertained that a compound of slime and water can be made which, when formed into stench pots, is capable of destroying whole battalions of troops in a few minutes. The Corporation is in treaty with both the French and Prussian Governments, and a contract for a constant supply during the war will be made with the highest bidder. The river at present is in prime condition from Agecroft Bridge to Throstle Nest, and may be smelt to the greatest advantage during the night.

The Stalybridge Infant and his pals have not repeated their threatening visit of last year to the office of the *Manchester City News*. It is satisfactory to know that the Editor's life is insured.

The news from the seat of war is still very meagre. The Emperor Napoleon has taken up his quarters at the Gloucester Hotel, in Spring Gardens, where he may be seen daily for threepence, in company with the Prince Imperial. Captain De Boots went upon a foraging expedition on Wednesday, and was tolerably successful. After a protracted forage he returned with two cabs from Picadilly coach stand, four lobsters, a seven days' post bill from the Branch Bank of England, a post-office order procured after much labour and a skirmish, two ounces of snuff, and the winner of the Goodwood Stakes. During his absence General Fredericks surveyed the District Bank from a top window. Notwithstanding the prohibition, newspaper correspondents have found their way within the lines. The field officer on duty has been more or less obfuscated, and several lives have been taken by insurance agents.

The Prussians have taken up their head quarters at the Schiller Anstalt, in Oxford-road. The King has not yet arrived, but several councils of war have been held. The troops made a reconnaissance last week. Flying squadrons have been organized, some of which have reached as far as Bank Top Station, while others have penetrated to Blackpool. Communications are kept up intact. The wires are open, and newspaper correspondents are rather encouraged than otherwise. Several victories have already been won—upon paper.

CHARLES DICKENS'S WILL.

True to their boast that every syllable "the greatest writer of the age" has ever penned should be proclaimed abroad, the sort of friends whom Sheridan has christened "damn'd kind," have just done Charles Dickens the damn'd kindness of exposing his last will and testament to public scrutiny, by printing it *verbatim* in the columns they control. It is as well to turn from the sycophancy of his English critics—none the less revolting, that it is sincere and earnest, and proceeds in many cases from intelligent and honourable men—to the last words of him, whose good taste, charity, and modesty they to the skies applaud—whom one of them has even gone so far as to declare "a perfect writer and a perfect man." No one appreciates more than we do the excellence of much of the great author's literary work, but to extol his modesty and good taste, and expect the eulogy to pass unchallenged, is to cast a slur on the intelligence of the community. To our mind, his last testament displays a want of both these qualities—a want which, to our thinking, has been often evidenced by other of his words and deeds. The exuberance of admiration and affection which he in this document expresses for his sister-in-law, and enjoins upon his children, may be simply the just payment of a debt of gratitude. In that case it is a misfortune that the author should have had a duty to perform so calculated to invidiously contrast his sister-in-law with his wife. It is especially unfortunate that he should name the latter lady with his very next breath, in the following extraordinary paragraph:—

> And I desire here simply to record the fact that my wife, since our separation by consent, has been in the receipt from me of an annual income of six hundred pounds: while all the great charges of a numerous and expensive family have devolved wholly upon myself.

Permitting Mr. Dickens "simply to record the fact that" he has kept his wife, without impeachment of the taste of the remark, which really may be valuable to his memory as a record—we find ourselves unable, on the theory of his exceeding taste and modesty, to account for the astounding conduct of a man whose pen wrote bank-notes, and whose tongue dropped gold, in taking and announcing it, as creditable to himself, that he supported by his own exertions his own family!

There is being attempted to be got for Dickens not only a greater fame as a writer than he has a right to, but an equally grand reputation as a man, to which he is no more entitled. He deserves a great fame. He has got a giant's. Much of it his memory will retain. Let us render unto him the things that are his; but, by the same law, let us not render unto him the things that are not his. He was not a perfect writer: he was not a perfect man. To call him modest, is to satirize him.

A "Pique" for Lancashire.—The Queen's Prize going to Surrey.

LANCASHIRE v. HAMPSHIRE.

LANCASHIRE: Messrs. A. N. Hornby, E. B. Rowley, J. F. Leese, A. B. Rowley, T. H. Rushton, F. H. Birley, Lieutenant, Makinnon, Ricketts, Hickton, Marchbank and Reynolds. First innings: 262. Second: 6, with ten wickets to fall.

HAMPSHIRE: Messrs E. L. Ede, A. Sevmour, C. V. Eccles, A. H. Wood, T. H. Wilson, Carter, May, Holmes, Ubsdell, Martin, and Tate. First innings: 138. Second, 129.

THE second of the two *bona fide* county cricket matches to be played at Old Trafford this season, came off at the end of last week, and ended, as the few people who cared to go discovered, in a particularly easy victory for the Lancashire. The daily papers noticed with something like condemnation the scanty attendance of spectators. Ample explanation of that undoubted phenomenon is not hard to discover. To begin with, the match in itself was utterly uninteresting, The list of Hampshire players scarcely included a single well-known name. There may be some sufficient reason why Lancashire should challenge such a county, but it is not to be expected that the public should become violently excited over the contest. In addition to this general explanation, which under any circumstances must have influenced the feelings of critics, the intense heat of the weather made the journey to Old Trafford a very serious matter. What the feelings of the active cricketers may have been it is hard to conjecture; passive spectators were almost overpowered by the absence of endurably cool shelter. Then the match was practically decided very early in the days' play, and Saturday afternoon which, from the nature of the case, ought to be the most popular time in an exciting match, was on this occasion a blank.

Lancashire won the game almost in one innings. Yet the eleven was not the strongest that Lancashire might play. At least three well-known cricketers, whose names were down in the published list, did not put in an appearance. Mr. Appleby, the most celebrated of Lancashire amateur bowlers, was absent. That Mr. Appleby's fame is not confined to his own county is abundantly proved by the fact that he was recently invited to take part in both the Gentlemen *v.* Players' matches in the South. To be so included in a team whose members are mostly drawn from a very select circle is not a little complimentary. In both games our Lancashire representative maintained his own reputation and that of his county. Roger Iddison's burly figure, so suggestive of steadiness and safety, whether at the wickets or in the field as point, was invisible. Coward was present, but found sufficient occupation in limping, with the aid of a stick, over the few yards which have to be perambulated by the umpire. An injury to the knee received a year ago, and not improved by the previous play of the season, put him *hors de combat*. Three players whom we have not before had occasion to mention, are worth a word or two of notice. Of these, Lieutenant Mackinnon, who, perhaps, is not in the strict sense a county man, is an indefatigable cricketer, a good batter, an active fielder, and sometimes an effective bowler. Mr. F. H. Birley has the slimness and activity of a greyhound. He bats and fields well, and is a useful change bowler; his peculiar slow underhand twisters appeared to have a very puzzing effect. Marchbank, a Preston player if we mistake not, promised remarkably well as a wicket keeper, This highly important post has usually been filled in a hopelessly makeshift fashion. It is almost a new sensation to have a wicket keeper in whom it is possible to feel something like confidence. Marchbank's performance behind the stumps was not faultless, but the unflinching way in which he faced and handled Hickton's fast bowling must have been a relief to the feelings of Mr. E. B. Rowley, who, in his usual capacity as long stop, had exercised great common sense, if not generosity, in persuading Mr. Hornby to undertake, in addition to his own work, the duties of cover longstop to the fast bowling.

The first innings of the Lancashire was chiefly remarkable for the magnificent performance of Mr. Hornby. To him was due rather more than half the total score. Nothing in the Hampshire batting was extraordinary. The scores in each innings were distinguished by their smallness. Lancashire fielders were, in the first innings, not at all responsible for this. The fielding was unpleasantly loose. The amount of talking and shouting, mostly in the shape of mutual "chaff," may possibly have been justified by the heat, but did not speak much for the strictness of discipline. In the second innings Hickton came in for all the honours. The Broughton professional is always a hard-working and often destructive bowler; but it is specially worthy of chronicle that his bowling was instrumental in taking every Hampshire wicket—a performance quite worthy of its pecuniary reward.

We have now arrived at the middle of the cricketing season, and have fought half the county battles. Such satisfaction as is to be derived from having beaten Surrey and Hampshire is ours; but it is as well to pause before allowing ourselves to become unduly elated by these triumphs. As we have suggested, our last opponent is not a strong county, and poor Surrey has fallen so deep in the mire that not a single victory has been scored as yet this year by her representatives. When Lancashire meets foemen more worthy of her steel, when we can oppose with some hope of success either Yorkshire or Nottinghamshire, we may have a reasonable ground for thinking ourselves distinguished in the sphere of cricket.

A GARDEN PARTY AT STRETFORD.

WHETHER the original Longford—old Longford we may perhaps call it—is anything like New Longford we cannot precisely state. Longford, which a folio of Black's General Atlas shows us to be as nearly as possible in the centre of the Green Isle, has not, as yet, been illuminated by the radiancy of our presence. New Longford we visited on Saturday last, the occasion being the gala day or annual festival of the New Longford Club Limited. As a club must of necessity be limited, even in their rules for loo, we may pass by the word as a pleasing bit of technicality, without any meaning, inserted by the Hon. Sec., Mr. Bingham, just to give it an air.

We should describe New Longford as a sub-urb of Stretford, if Stretford were an "urb" itself; but since it isn't, we fear we can't hit upon anything more appropriate than "&c."—"more of the same sort," as it was lucidly explained to us in our boyhood. When you disembark at the Stretford Station you ascend, following a custom observed of the inhabitants, by a cindery walk to the bridge over the line, the highest elevation in this very lowland country. By the road to the right you can soon land in Stretford proper, with its numerous churches, chapels, taverns, and other meeting-houses, and by that to the left you pass trim gardens fronting or surrounding what the auctioneer and his play-bill conventionally term "messuages," single sometimes, others in semi-attached couples, like some of their occupants, perhaps. Following the stream of holiday-looking people, which was swelled now and then, by tributaries from these semi-attached abodes, we began to wonder whether we should reach Northern or New Longford the first, when, all at once, we found our precessors filing off to the left and entering what looked like a nursery-garden. The very faintest glimpse of the direction to "Admit Mr, Sphinx and lady" sufficed the gatekeeper, and we soon paced the Elysian fields of the club.

Whatever may be the connection between beer and skittles, the Stretfordians seem to have discovered, some few years ago, that there is no necessary one, except the alliterative, between beer and bowls, or, at all events, none between bowls and beer. It's all very well for them of old time to have said (or sung) of care, that they'd drown it in a bowl; it might be convivial, but it was at once fictitious and delusive. A new and sounder reading is now in vogue, and care and the meagrims and other such cobwebs are brushed away from the brain by a healthy game at bowls.

It is evident that it is of no use to go four miles out into the country, and then spend your leisure time in billiards abroad, or the manly and athletic game of cribbage at home. You may do that without submitting yourself twice a day to the tender mercies of a ra company and its ever worked or careless servants. Residence in the country requires some active out-door occupation; and as gardening to any considerable extent, is almost necessarily restricted to a few, and farming is practically out of the question, there seems nothing left but games or sports of some kind in the open air. There comes a time when cricket must be abandoned. The increasing waistband, and the corresponding decrease in your rapidity of locomotion, warn you that not many more "overs" remain for you; the perkiness of the youngsters becomes every week more intolerable, and the omission of your name from the team for that annual match you have so often played, is a decided hint to you to retire gracefully to the list of honorary members. This is the time for bowls—one of the pleasures of the "woods" and fields. For the purposes of this game, a number of residents in Stretford—we beg

pardon—we ought, perhaps, to say Longford, have combined themselves into a club, have taken some four or five acres of land, and formed an excellent bowling-green. This, however, is not one of those "wretched clubs" like a town club, from which ladies are as strictly excluded as from a masonic gathering. No; on the contrary, they are not only here expected and welcomed, but provision is made for their entertainment and amusement. Adjoining to the bowling-green, and separated from it only by a flower-bed, is a beautiful level croquet-ground. The game of bowls, like that of cricket, is, or has been hitherto at least, restricted to the men-folk, like the Spurgeonesque quadrilles, and nothing seemed provided for women to do but sit and look on, until some fortunate genius in a happy hour adapted some of the features of cricket and bowls to feminine use, and invented—croquet! Here, the Longfordite pater-familias, elderly and obese, can send forth his bowl "to the land, to the land, to the land;" while the Longfordesses, under cover of a game, can display all their native or acquired airs and graces, for the benefit of their swains, actual or possible. These two grounds are surrounded by garden beds, well planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers, through which you wander by meandering grass-bordered walks, furnished here and there with seats. Besides, there is another enclosure in its original state of field-hood, except that it is fitted up with horizontal bars, ladders, and other instruments of torture to youthful muscles.

On Saturday, with the thermometer at ever so much in the shade, when you could find any, and at a great deal more in the sun, bowls were or was,—which is it?—played with an energy worthy of a better cause. One magnificent gentleman, with grey hat, light drab coat, white waistcoat, and everything light about him, except his weight, trundled his woods and then trundled himself across the green after them, anxious and deliquescent; and his companions, partners or opponents, seemed equally absorbed in their game and unconscious of the presence either of ourselves or of the numerous and gaily dressed company who wandered round about. We do not, personally, know much of the game, but we did not find watching it a very exciting occupation. It must, however, be delightful to some people, or they would never be at so much trouble and expense to come at it. There is this peculiarity about bowls, that there is a sort of Freemasonry in it: every bowler is a man and a brother, and, for the time at least, all are upo' th' level. The buyer bowls with or against the butcher or the baker, the salesman with the sailor, the spinner with the spirit dealer, and the city magnate with the city missionary.

Turning our steps next towards the croquet-ground, we found a large party of ladies, dressed up to the eyes, and down to—well—the toes, shall we say, and their attendant gentlemen. A dance had evidently been just concluded, and the company were pacing vigorously round and round in that insane way which people do as soon as a dance is concluded. The music desks and implements of the band were there, but the banditti had evidently gone to wet their whistles or indulge in a blow-out of some kind. So we went on, and in the gymnasium found—welcome sight—a tent, a place of refreshment, shade, and peace. This being the preserving season, we preserved our incognito, and escaped the drinkables and smokeables which would doubtless have been proferred us in lavish profusion, and concealed our feelings and our features in some measure—of stout. It was, however, too hot for much in that way, so short Reid, good rede, and on to another awning crowded with children and young people, where was a miniature stage, with a performance of marionettes or fantoccini going on. Either the proscenium arch was very low, or the green curtain was only half drawn up, for standing on a bench in the back ground we could barely see the heads of the "dollies." It was a poor performance, but it certainly amused the children, if one may judge from the shouts of laughter which greeted most of the incidents. What a pity that they should grow up and be spoiled; that the rosy, laughing romp of seven can't remain the unrestrainable hoyden she is now, instead of going on to be the giggling, peevish chit of fourteen, and thence either that despair of society, the fast girl, or the simperer of nineteen, with her lips ready for saying propriety, prunes, and prism at the shortest notice, and compared with whose conversation rice-milk is a rich and exciting delicacy! We didn't see a Punch and Judy—that theatrical spectacle which is to our depraved taste as superior to the Haymarket Company as that company is to the marionettes, but there was—what?—a galvanic or electric battery, or some hideous monstrosity of the kind, with a tickling, crepitating, watch-winding sort of noise about it, which carried us back to our youthful days, and the exhibitions in the old Mechanics' Institution, of all kinds of revolting terrors. Is there a connection between bowls and batteries, or what fellowship has gaiety with galvanism? Pray, let us have our jam without the powder, and let school be kept in school hours.

Returning to the dancing ground we found the lawn crowded with dancers. In this salubrious clime the polka renews its youth, and that ancient quadruped, the schottische, keeps hopping about as lively as ever. Mr. Higham's band wore the official uniform of the First Manchester; why, we don't know. Most of the ladies were well and tastefully dressed, but many—weren't. We are of opinion that there is one costume for the drawing-room or the ball, and another for the street or place of public resort by daylight, and we object to the former being used out of doors. If we received no shocks from the abomination mentioned above, we did here. All kinds of mysteries—mysteries sacred in our eyes—of embroidery work and "edging" of ladies'—what shall we say?—underclothing were here patent. A young lady, even with "high" muslin or other gauze-like material, is not dressed to our satisfaction when it is worn over a bodice so low that she would not venture in it to a dance or other evening party. Neither does fastening a bow or two at the back of the waist so completely equip a lady for the promenade as to dispense with shawl, jacket, redingote, or over-mantle of any kind. We were sorry to see, also, that anyone should so far outrage common propriety as to appear at such an assembly in a suit of light tweed and a billy-cock hat, or, that another should, in dancing, hold in his hand his partner's left hand, a half-smoked cigar, and a walking stick! We should be glad to see all smoking in the open air as completely put down in Manchester as it is in Berlin, but to smoke among ladies at a garden-party, and even while dancing, is a breach of good manners of which some of the numerous stewards might, we should think, have taken notice.

Among other flowers the Lancashire witch bloomed pre-eminent. We have seldom seen such a collection at once. They, and the pretty children, we shall remember for some time to come. There were, we were told, above fourteen hundred people present during the day, and we can quite believe it. We heartily approve of the scheme of the club and the way in which it is carried out, and take leave of it with our best wishes for its continued prosperity. *Vive* Longford!

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE HAYMARKET MYSTERY.

THE comparatively small amount of patronage bestowed upon this visit of this company remains a mystery. The sparse attendance on the opening night, which we at first attributed to the piece played on the occasion, was, it has turned out, a faithful harbinger of the attendances to come. No doubt whatever, much of this disfavour is the consequence of Mr. Compton's absence; but we cannot think that this accounts for all. It cannot be that everybody has seen everything the company perform, for they have acted some of their least hackneyed pieces. We are driven to suppose it must be owing to the coming of the company too early. If sufficient prospect of success has been afforded them to bring them back again, as first intended, in September, we will venture to expect a healthier attendance then. It is depressing to observe bare benches, where the difficulty used to be to get a seat. If the benefit of Mr. Buckstone, the only performance on this visit of the *Rivals*, his first appearance as Bob Acres, and our old friend Mr. Everill's appearance in the place of Mr. Braid—announced for Friday, July 29th—does not succeed in drawing a full house, we shall begin to think that something is the matter with the town.

INHUMAN 'BUS PASSENGERS.

Let us stick a pin through several of our fellow creatures. Higher Broughton is, notoriously, the heaviest route for omnibuses in the town. Not only is it all up-hill, but such a distance that the journey can sometimes with difficulty be performed in the half-hour allotted to it. Consequently, on the route where, most of all, the horses need a little

rest between each journey they get least. Notwithstanding this, it has somehow grown into a custom that the business 'buses should be taken right up to the top of Market Street—a habit which deprives the horses of all rest whatever, as they get back to the bottom only just in time to start upon their journey up the route. It is an exasperating sight, in any temperature, to behold the heavy vehicles toiling up that long steep street for the convenience of half-a-dozen passengers. But in smoking weather, such as we have lately had, to suffer it is positive barbarity. Last Friday—an intolerable day—we saw one of these omnibuses reach town after time to start again. The passengers all left the 'bus but three. The driver very properly turned round—when he was set upon by every one of these three individuals, who insisted upon having their twopennorth out. The first two he resisted, when the third—a little individual, hardly visible to the naked eye—insisted on his rights so acrimoniously that the driver turned his horses round again, and took the little Shylock up the street. He must have been at least five minutes late for starting by the time he got back—which five minutes would have to be whipped out of three wretched horses that had not a minute's breathing time between the journies down and up the hardest route in town, and under the most sweltering sun, and in the most exhausting atmosphere that we have had experience of for some time. We should like to see that little Shylock in the court of Mr. Headlam. Where do the officers of that society which protects the animal creation put themselves? We are egregiously mistaken if, upon the most oppressive of the recent broiling days, and on the very route we have been speaking of, one team of horses did not do four double journeys. From such persons as the little Shylock above-named consideration cannot be expected for the feelings of any animals but themselves; and it is hard to bring the law to bear upon them. Upon omnibus proprietors, however, it both can be brought to bear, and ought to be.

JUDICIAL SLANG IN THE COUNTY COURT.

The pitiful accommodation of the County Court and the Police Court have been frequently alluded to. The miserable state of both these is productive of all sorts of inconvenience and mischief. A result which might not have been foreseen, but which we have no hesitation in ascribing to this cause, has recently been brought to notice. Mr. Russell, the staid, dignified, and very learned judge of the first mentioned court, hears contested cases, without juries, in a little room, where judge, policemen, ushers, counsel, clients, witnesses and clerks, hobnob together almost indiscriminately—other cases, in a great Sahara of a court, up steps enough to give you the lumbago. We ascribe to the condition of these rooms the recent lapse of Mr. Russell into slang and non-judicial talk about "brass farthings" and "old ballads." Well appointed courts give dignity to all who are engaged in them, while ill-appointed ones have quite an opposite effect. We do things in our every-day tweed suits that we should never think of doing in our Sunday broadcloth. Courts ought never to wear tweeds.

THE FRENCH AND WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

The French government adheres to its resolve not to permit newspaper correspondents to accompany the French armies during the approaching campaign against Germany. A host of journalists, English, American, and Parisian, is just now dodging about Metz, Strasburg, and the neighbouring places on the Rhine; but the moment the word for the advance is given they will be hurried away or arrested. For the French account of the war the world will have to trust solely to the official despatches, and history accurately appreciated their value long ago. It is interesting under the circumstances, to recall to mind the method employed by the First Napoleon during the war in Spain, where, for obvious reasons, he adopted a policy of almost absolute silence. The result is that, to this day, the French are entirely ignorant of the events of the Peninsular campaign. A French author, M. Jules Mauriel, sometime connected with the *Journal des Débats*, in an admirable little tribute to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, tells the result of Napoleon's system of suppression in the following words:—"Hundreds and thousands of volumes have been published within the last forty years on the sunny season of the Empire. Yet, not a syllable has been uttered respecting the three invasions of Portugal, and the memorable events which transpired in Spain—occurrences which exerted a decisive influence on the fall of the Empire. Not a single historical monument exists in France in connection with the Peninsular war. This gap in French military history is the more to be regretted, because in many cases the most important occurrences are not mentioned in the *Moniteur*. For instance, the *Moniteur* never said a syllable about the campaign of 1813, or the day of Vittoria; nor does the *Moniteur* make any mention of that long series of sanguinary and heroic engagements between the forces of Wellington and Soult that occurred between the end of July, 1813, and the beginning of April, 1814. The terrible day of Busaco, in 1810, is represented by the *Moniteur* as a skirmish, an outpost affair; and the invasion of Portugal, in 1809, is despatched in less than half a column of the official journal. The consequence is, that many persons would almost be justified in maintaining that this episode of the wars of the empire is in sober truth a fiction, since it is nowhere to be found in French literature, the official silence of the *Moniteur* having been admirably sustained by the officious silence of the historians." Whether the Third Napoleon will imitate the example of his uncle remains to be seen: it is sufficient to remember that the temptation is great, and that the trustworthiness of the record will always be open to suspicion.

THE WAR AND THE COTTON TRADE.

IT is not the custom of this journal to fulminate leading articles upon imperial topics. Our warfare consists, not in the pounding of heavy artillery in the political or even commercial field, but more in out-skirmishing, the pricking of knights-errant, or the charge of the light brigade upon social and local questions. At the present time, when, owing to the heat, the bare idea of reading a leading article almost throws one into a perspiration, the momentousness of the situation, when the war question absorbs every other topic, must be our excuse for departing from our usual custom, and entering the lists with our big brothers of the metropolitan and local press.

Now that war has actually broken out, it is needless to try to unravel the diplomatic mysteries of Pot and Kettle, to indulge in recriminations, and inveigh against either one side or the other. It takes two people, always, to make a quarrel. War is not a sudden outburst at any time. It may come with a surprise at last, but the seeds have been there for a long time, apparently dead, but alive like a grain of mummy wheat in an ancient Egyptian sarcophagus. War is the result of old rivalries, jealousies, grudges, real or imaginary affronts and humiliations, the aggregate of human passions. It is a fearful scourge of humanity, and undoubtedly an evil, but there *is* such a thing as a righteous war. "It must needs be that offences come, but woe be to him by whom the offence cometh." In the inscrutable designs and workings of Providence, war has been a means of advancing civilisation. War has been the pioneer of commerce. Nations have worked out their own redemption by the sword. We look upon war, then, not always as an unmitigated evil. It redresses wrongs and clears the air. Within the last few years it has relieved oppressed nationalities and struck off the fetters of the slave. Horrible and distressing as it may seem, war has not ceased with the spread of the Gospel and the growth of Christianity On the contrary, they have gone hand-in-hand together, and been considered compatible with each other. Armies invoke the Lord of Hosts on the eve of battle, hold days of fasting and humiliation, and celebrate Te Deums for victories. No war is so fierce and fanatical as a religious war. Perhaps at no time are Christian churches more thronged, and religious services more attended to, than in days of battle and warfare. The awful slaughter, the risks incurred, the anxiety of parents, the distress of wives and mothers—Rachael weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they are not—the solemnity of the time, all stir the religious fervour of the people,

who instinctively feel that they are in the hands of God. What said the Master?—"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

War having now been declared, and actual hostilities all but commenced, it becomes our duty to reconcile ourselves to the situation as we best can, and to make the most of it under the circumstances. Let us consider what effect it is likely to have upon trade in Lancashire, particularly the cotton trade. We are sanguine enough to think that it will, upon the whole, have a good effect. No doubt many who have been engaged in large operations of a speculative nature, who are committed to high prices, and are in fact "cornered," will succumb and go to the wall. But then, why should they have placed themselves in any such position? Although the war has burst upon this country in the nature of a surprise at last, it has been a possible contingency, as everyone knew, for years past. Merchants and traders have no right whatever to undertake engagements which some unforeseen event prevents them for being able to fulfil. Before entering into speculative operations, which are perfectly legitimate in a commercial point of view in the hands of a capitalist who can meet his engagements under any possible circumstances, the speculator should take every possible contingency into consideration. If he is not prepared with the needful to pay when he meets with a reverse, he has no business to speculate at all, and deserves his fate. Money is a good card to hold at any time; when a crisis occurs it is trumps, and the capitalist holds all the honours. To use a vulgar phrase, "he can grin and abide" while his weaker brother goes to the wall. Then, the capitalist avails himself of the opportunity; "wires in" at low prices, and recoups himself for his previous losses. This is exactly what has occurred and is occurring at the present time. Speculators and large holders of cotton and other securities at high prices have found themselves in a cleft stick. The war has precipitated a decline in prices as severe as it has been rapid. This, while it has ruined a few, will be a gain to the community, and particularly to the manufacturing interests of Lancashire.

The outbreak of war has knocked down prices at an opportune moment, when producers held very light stocks, and even had engagements on hand. Cotton has fallen in value something like 30 to 40 per cent in a few weeks, a fall which consumers, Chambers of Commerce, and Commercial Pundits have for years been crying out for, and proclaiming as the only nostrum which could restore the manufacturing interest to health and vigour. The fall has been as great, if not greater than, under ordinary circumstances, people might have looked for as likely to occur within a few years. Low prices will insure full employment to factory operatives, and factory operatives fully employed with good wages are the shopkeeper's best customers.

The present relative position of cotton spinners, manufacturers, and merchants, is precisely the reverse of what it was when the American War broke out a few years since. At that time producers had to bear the burden and heat of the day, while merchants and shippers derived nearly all the benefit. Cotton rose much more rapidly than did either yarn or cloth. Merchants had large stocks of goods out in foreign markets, at comparatively low prices, which were got rid of at good profits and in returns made in cotton and other produce which left fabulous profits. At first cotton advanced from 7d. to 9d. per lb., at which price it stuck fast for some time, and people were thought very clever who realised at the latter price. Then it made another start to 1s. per lb., at which price more fortunes were realised. Afterwards, when the continuance of the war was believed in, and it was seen that the Northern States were thoroughly in earnest, cotton went up at successive leaps to something like 2s. 6d. per lb. This tremendous advance was accompanied by frequent and sudden fluctuations, which involved spinners and manufacturers in the most disastrous and serious losses, and severely crippled them. Finally, on the approach of peace, the crash came; the trade was caught with stocks both of cotton and manufactures; a universal *bouleversement* took place; producers were broken on the wheel, maimed, bruised, and mangled, and left bleeding at every pore. From that day to this, they have never had an opportunity of redeeming their losses. The history of the last seven or eight years has been one long tale of depression, failures, compositions, Bankruptcy Courts, and the Gazette. Newspapers and Chamber of Commerce magnates have waxed eloquent upon the improved state of the cotton trade and re-opening of mills, when, at the very time, producers could not buy cotton and sell their manufactures on the same day at a profit.

This state of things, if not already altered, seems in a fair way of being so. Present losses will no doubt fall heavily upon merchants and all who hold stocks either at home or abroad; but spinners and manufacturers will incur the minimum of loss. Latterly they have gone on hoping against hope, sometimes stopping their machinery, and thereby incurring the most serious losses; sometimes re-opening their mills and catching at straws like drowning men. It is not only the manufacturers who have suffered. No class of traders, after producers, have had to go through more, and have kept better on their legs, than the Manchester yarn and cloth agents, who are bound up with, and may be looked upon as part and parcel of, the manufacturing interest. With their assistance, and that of bankers behind, the trade has managed to scramble on somehow or other, but so long as cotton continued to have the upper hand, so long must producers have had an unprofitable trade. Until very lately there was little hope of any very decided fall in the price of the raw material. Cotton was at an unwholesome and fictitious price, bolstered up by the large consumption, the cheapness of money, and the facilities afforded by gambling speculators, absolutely without means, to trade in time-bargains, spurious cargoes, and produce which had no existence. The war has operated so far like a purgative fire in a reeking and pestilential neighbourhood. Now that money is getting dearer and confidence has got a shake, we don't hear much of cotton hazard at street corners and "on the flags." If anyone wants to buy cotton now, he can have any quantity of it at a very moderate price, provided he can pay for it.

With the present rapidity of communication with all parts of the world, and means of transit, the probability is that merchants will be considerable losers upon their late operations and shipments. On the whole, however, they are well off, and can meet their engagements. Having shipped at high prices, it is not likely that they will cease to do so when prices have fallen, but will average their ventures. It is not for us to say what are high and what are low prices. Tradesmen must know that better than we do, and we leave advice and prophecies to the disinterested individuals who fill the correspondence columns of our daily contemporaries with their voluminous vaticinations.

Doubtless the war will paralyse many branches of trade, but it will unquestionably stimulate other industries. A million of men under arms have many and urgent wants. To convey them, to clothe and feed them, is a feat in itself. During a campaign, the wear and tear and waste are excessive. In battle, kits and accoutrements are discarded, thrown away, and destroyed. Shoes, saddler, clothing, food, tents, and blankets must be provided, and paid for down on the nail. A vast deal of money is put into circulation, although it may not flow in the ordinary channels. It is *after* a protracted war that the exhaustion is felt, and the reaction takes place. Should the present war be a long one, money would in all probability become

dear, as the contending powers would become large borrowers. The Continental buyers may be crippled for a time, but the great India and China markets have a capacious swallow, and can take large quantities of goods at low prices. Corn has risen for the present, but the crops are good and the granaries of the world are well stocked. An improvement in the home-trade may be reasonably looked for. The cotton crops promise well, and the fall in prices has come too late to prevent planters from using their utmost endeavours to raise large crops. We see no reason to doubt that spinners and manufacturers will be able to get rid of their production, if not at remunerative prices, at least on conditions which involve them in much less risk than they have incurred for a long time, and that, owing to the war and the decline in cotton, they will be able, out of the nettle Danger to pluck the flower Safety.

THE SCOT IN MANCHESTER,

AND HIS CHURCHES.

IT is one of the popular errors of Manchester that the Scot in it is unschismatic. His outrages on taste, his sins against custom, may be unpardonable; his decline and fall from homely honesty to the arrogance and varnish and errors of conduct of acquired wealth may be pitied; the guilt of his success in life, the bad taste of his money-making may be the butts of society's sneers, the whetstone of society's wit; he may creep into widows' houses unawares, and lead captive with the allurements of his pack silly women; he may be a prince among merchants, or a merchant among princes; he may be the chief of publicans, and richest of sinners: yet he is still allowed the negative merit of loyalty to one church, and fidelity to one faith. But this allowance is only the result of ignorance. Than the Scot in Manchester there is no ranker and no more rancorous Dissenter, no more cross-grained schismatic. In the popular belief he is a Presbyterian—a word generally understood to express something between a limestone crag and a Unitarian—and he always belongs to the Presbyterian Church. Presbyterianism is not a church, but a principle. It is but the name of a form of church organisation, of a republican form of ecclesiastical despotism. The Scot in Manchester is not even always a Presbyterian. Far from it. But even when he is, he almost invariably is a dissenter from that old national Scotch church, on whose steadfastness under persecution he prides himself, on whose prowess in defeat he vaunts himself. He adopts the gay feathers of its many martyrdoms and persecutions; but he tears himself from it, disowns it, scorns it, and revels in sectarianism.

The keenness of the jealousy borne by English sects to one another is mild compared with that borne by the sects patronized of the Scot in Manchester. He will apostasize to Independency, be proselytized to Anglicanism, backslide into no-churchism, or even "just found a wee bit sectie o' his ain," but you will seldom find him join the banner of a rival Scotch sect. Should he remove his residence, he—especially she—will walk from Broughton or Cheetham Hill, or Pendleton, to Chorlton-on-Medlock, or Greenheys, rather than deign to sleep under the sermons of the minister of a rival denomination. Is there then such an essential difference of creed, such an antagonism of ceremonials, that these little sects of our intelligent friend the Scot are so bitter? Not at all. If there were, they would maintain the courtesy of enemies to each other. They are such keen rivals because they are such near relatives. Examine his two chief sects, and all the difference you will find between them is a paltry and unappreciable distinction about the power of a civil magistrate. They are so very far because they are so near.

The ineradicable yearning of the Scot in Manchester for sectarianism is seen by a glance at his kirk and chapels, which it is his ambition to elevate into titular churches. The obscure kirk in Rusholme Road is the only representative of the old original Church of Scotland, the primary edition of the Gospel according to John Knox and the Epistles according to St. Calvin. The others are all representatives of secessions or disruptions. Foremost in wealth, adherents, and number of edifices, is that which in Scotland calls itself the Free Church, in England, the English Presbyterian Church. It is the new edition amended by Chalmers. An article in the *Sphinx* on the Cheeryble Brothers' Church gave an account of it. Although a distinct federation of presbyteries which has lately had the good sense to stand on its own independence and permit the introduction of organs into its chapels, it mainly draws its service of preachers from Scotland. Next come the United Presbyterians who are linked to the Scotch sect of that name. These are a less modern but more modernizing edition by Erskine. It is hardly worth while to take into account the iron Ebenezer of an obscure but fervent sect known as Morrisonians, raised somewhere in Harpurhey; or the conventicle of the Covenanters, who edify each other after the manner of the ancients, in Strangeways. Further, many English sects are enriched by the adherence of Scots.

But the sect most greatly favoured of those in Manchester is the great sect of Indifferentists. The Scot thrusts his offensive self-righteousness and obtrudes his coldly calculated morality on every circle to which he may be a tangent, but his churches are empty. All week he is a rigid Sabbatarian—but on Sunday his churches are empty. He is a standing rebuke, a perpetual lecture on conduct and creed—but on Sunday his churches are empty. Whether he is too good, too proud, or too clever to be preached at; or whether his preachers are too good, too proud, or too clever to preach at him, what he wants is a question left over. His churches on Sunday strip the mask from his face, the cloak from his shoulders. He may talk, subscribe, lecture, but in the galleries of his churches is the abomination of desolation, in the aisles beneath the worse abomination of chignons and fashionable bonnets. More, these Scotch churches are, many of them, like Highland regiments, some half Irish, all plentifully eked out with English.

The explanation of this is to be found in his sectarian cravings. He is not content with having his church split into sects, but he must split his churches into petty sects too. You will find perpetual dissensions and contentions in them. He is generally at loggerheads with his minister. His minister returns the compliment with that dignity which blooms to such perfection in the Scotch minister. Our friend the Scot's ecclesiastical history, when it comes to be written, will be a chronicle of tempests in teapots, of elemental wars in toddy-jugs. This is the record of one of his chapels. Perhaps a minister has resigned in despair of doing the Scot any good. There have been, perhaps are, some ministers who have actually attempted the task, but your knowing ones know better. Perhaps another has retired after a brilliant career into an honourable and not idle retirement. Perhaps a new chapel has been built. A pastor is wanted. Several years are spent in viewing the paces of eligible young colts, or older stagers, already broken to harness. Widow or maiden, she carries on flirtations with all sorts of young Gospellers. Now she sets her cap at some "braw wooer" from Auchterfechan, to whom she "gives the go by," to the vexation of a small clique of her members who admire him. Next she toys with some sagacious, young, long-headed Dryasdust, prosy in his prayers, poetic in his sermons, altogether agricultural. She thereby grows another thorn in her side. Now she jilts some modest, intelligent, and likely young man of brains, to propose to some great gun who coquettes with her with a view to frightening his own flock at home into adding another hundred to his stipend. His end gained, he coolly throws her over. So, jilting and jilted, she continues to be "to let" until nearly every family in her bosom is a separate coterie bent on the call of its own favourite. Then, sick of the monotony of perpetual change, she finally takes to herself as guide, philosopher, and friend, some heavy but safe person of negative merits and inoffensive principles. There is a smooth honeymoon. The voice of the turtle-dove is heard in the pulpit. But, by-and-bye, little by little, come the usual matrimonial fruits of tiffs, tempers, squabbles, splits. He gets dry and uninteresting in the pulpit: she sparse and uninterested in the pew. As she dwindles in her Sunday attendance, he ceases in his week-day attentions. Last of all it is mere man and wife, dog and cat, with them, and so it continues until a voluntary separation takes place, for a divorce is forbidden by the code of the church.

No one who has noticed the history of the churches will deny this. Anyone who has not, has only to look back, or to look around, and he must own its truth. The judicial proceedings of the Chambers of Stars, the Presbyteries, the Sanhedrims of a sort of electoral districts, will reveal trials and citations of ministers and factions with a painful frequency. Perhaps this great unrest of minute divisions, jarring cliques,

and contending factions may account for the present desire of all the sensible Scotchmen in England for Union. The latest agitation is for Union. The cry is gone up, The Scot is at fever-heat. Temple Street and Maskell Street are shaken by the throes of a union controversy. It sweetens the toddy-jugs of Greenheys. McMutchkin's—the colossal McMutchkin's—young men deal it out by the yard. The confines of Albert Bridge re-echo with it. The tried but still intelligent packman forgets his sore feet and weary knees, the vituperations of defaulting viragos, and the many not-at-homes that have baffled him—forgets, in short, all his cares and all his sorrows—in a discussion of the pros and cons, the possibilities or the probabilities of a Union of the churches—a wedding of the sects. Clerks from banks and salesmen from warehouses brew pecks o' maut; many a "Rab and Allan come to prie;" and it is likely that in a new Union they may find a new Auld Lang Syne. Vestries, presbyteries, synods, deacons, elders, ministers, talk of it, preach of it, write of it. And why should there not be a Union of the Scotch sects in England? According to the old apologue there is an inflexible rigidity in the union of a bundle of sticks.

SCARBRO'.

ON THE PROMENADE.

SOMEBODY has called Scarbro' the "Queen of English watering places," and it is extremely likely that somebody is right. Somebody else has called Scarbro' the "fastest" of English watering places, and it is equally likely that somebody else is right. As regards the first point, the unrivalled situation of the town, its fine buildings, its showy shop windows, its two magnificent bays, its smooth bathing sands, its ruined castle, its old-world history, and its splendid cliff and spa-promenade, all go to prove its superiority. As regards the second point, the numbers, style, and quality of its visitors, the variety and excellence of its amusements, and the ceaseless whirl of its life prove its pre-eminence.

A stranger coming into the town by rail cannot fail to be struck by the imposing appearance of its entrance—the abundant provision of hotel 'busses, cabs, and porters, and the dressy array of people, during the season, awaiting the arrival of his train—all combining to show him that this is a place of places for fine holiday-makers. Well-dressed crowds in the streets, and a sort of metropolitan, or rather cosmopolitan, air carried by all the surroundings, impress this feeling upon him as he begins to stroll about the streets. His undirected walk ends opposite the west front of the Grand Hotel, a superb building for size, and one which strikes him forcibly with the old conviction that money will work wonders; although if he has any taste, its chief entrance will cause him to shudder with horror. Horror arising from its utter want of unity with the rest of the design, and also from its intrinsically and frightfully ugly effect. But a clicking turnstile calls his attention, he walks up to it, pays his sixpence, crosses the Cliff bridge, and, after winding down the trim walks of the Spa grounds, finds himself upon the Promenade. It is half-past seven in the evening, and here is an immense crowd of well-dressed people, part sitting to hear the music from an orchestra filled by a splendid band, and part walking about to see and be seen. He is dazzled by the show—the promenaders outvie the splendid beds of flowers, which lie around, in variety of colour. He looks up the green face of the high cliff above and finds it dotted over, on each terrace and walk, by other crowds of brilliantly-hued fellow-mortals. How the innate passion of the savage for self-ornamentation asserts itself in this high civilisation!

"An interval of ten minutes" in the performances of the band allows him time to look around, and take a walk on the esplanade overlooking the sea. What are those people looking over the parapet wall on the sands for? Oh! there is a shabbily dressed man in shirt sleeves—clean, though patched—with a cane about a yard long, which has a pointed bone end, and with which he is working industriously, making scratchy drawings on the damp sand of the beach. There is a sketch of the ruined castle which looks down from the north cliff of the bay; there is a soldier in marching order, and standing with shouldered arms; a head of Shakspere, after the Stratford bust; a portrait, rather free in execution, under which is written, "CHRISTOPHER SYKES, M.P.E.R.Y;" and another, freer still, which is said to be of "SR. ANDREW FERBURN;" two or three other undenominated heads, some fishes, a bird, and the irresistable appeal, "PLEASE TO REMBER THE SELF-TOAT ARTST." Here is one way in which one half of the world gets its living, whilst the other half knows not the means whereby it does so. A weak and intermittent fall of halfpence rewards his efforts. He picks up the coin, pockets it, and without turning or looking up to the donors, acknowledges its receipt by touching his cap in a manner which shows that he has had some experience as a cabman, it is so refreshingly smart and offhand.

But the orchestra strikes up again, and recalls our visitor to the real business of the promenade, which, though on the surface seems frivolous and merely showy, is in fact very real and very well worth observing. This splendidly-dressed crowd, endlessly circulating, pressing to and fro, yet never becoming a mob, as closely packed almost as an assembly of nomination roughs, but moving amongst itself with the politeness and dignity of a drawing-room company, taxes all his powers of observation. Here, in dress, in taste, in physiognomy, in manner, in light and shade, in character pourtrayed in a thousand ways, is matter to set even a superficial mind thinking, and to furnish a novelist with materials for any number of thrilling romances. It is eight o'clock, the time when the crowd is at its height, and our visitor takes a chair to note at his leisure such members of it as strike him most forcibly. Old and young—some old trying to look young, some young trying to look old, and some both, old and young, simply natural—grave and gay, showy and modest, fast and slow, invalid and robust—a representative throng which is capable of illustrating every phrase of humanity, almost every grade of life, and every motive of action—such are the features of the scene which now engage the attention of our astonished visitor. Here is a troop of young girls getting too tall for short frocks, but still happily innocent of the first taint of young-ladyism, still natural, still free and sweet as the winds of heaven, laughing or tripping joyfully in company with brothers or cousins, or school-sweethearts in jackets and caps. Well, heaven bless them, and all children innocent and happy—so thinks our visitor, who uses his handkerchief to blow away a springing tear, compelled by memories of his boyhood which come back to him so strongly as recollections called up by long-forgotten odours.

Here is a specimen of the most detestable form of young ladyism—pert, pretentious, unnatural, and false, laced up to the last gasp, a waist not more than four inches in diameter, and an intellect so shallow that only algebraic symbols can express how much less than nothing is its value. But here is a set-off—a sweet modest young woman, whose face is a poem and whose carriage is music—dressed in a quiet grey, with purple binding, fashionable, but in severe good taste—she goes along delightedly, hand in hand and arms swinging, with a grey-headed gentleman, evidently her father, who, thank goodness! seems to feel the value of such a daughter. Next comes a young widow. How is it that a beautiful woman looks more beautiful in a widow's bonnet, and a plain woman in the same head-dress looks attractive? And then what an aggravating improvement on the widow's coiffure is the piquant Marie Stuart cap, brought into fashion by the Queen in her mourning. In colours of dress used here this season blue prevails greatly, in all tints from purple to aquamarine, but here and there are bold splashes of red, and fine reliefs of greys and browns of all shades. General good taste in colours, as suiting individuals, prevails, but a few cases of violence occur. There is a young lady whose complexion is green, and who, horrible to relate, has a green head-dress. Following her comes a woman whose every feature and motion announce ignorance and impudence—the raciest of costume crowned by a grey head, her hair combed back tight, she has a splendid purple silk dress, trimmed solely with white lace, a short costume, high-heeled boots, panier, Grecian bend, and every artifice a woman can use; she leans affectedly on the arm of a man who is a walking riddle—who is swell, snob, swindler, and sot in appearance. Everything about the woman is brand new, showy, and expensive, and at her heels three dirty, spirit-broken, and almost ragged girls draggle their wearied way. Why, gracious goodness! here comes the little pet in grey and purple again; she has cast poor old papa adrift, and is actually walking arm in arm with a tall moustached beau! One could scold her, only she seems supremely happy, and means it, and still is modest and good.

Bewildered by this constant procession of many elements, this kaleidoscopic succession of living pictures, to describe all of which would fill volumes, our visitor is relieved by the band playing the familiar strains of "God Save the Queen," a sudden and general rise of those seated, a rattling of chairs, and presto! like a fear in magic, the crowd disperses, the promenade is left empty to the falling night and the rising tide, and the grand old diapason of the roaring sea succeeds the music of brass and reed and string.

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JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, May 21, 1870. General Manager.

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